

of Fairhaven

The Ship *Friendship*, bound for San Francisco, California, with an assorted cargo of lumber, boxes, provisions &c and carrying out a company of miners, was really for sea by the first of the last week in August 1849. She had gone below during the week previous <sup>to sailing</sup> and anchored off Clark's Point Light, then to <sup>wait</sup> for wind and weather. The prevailing head winds and thick foggy weather, however, prevented her getting under weigh before Sunday Sept 2. During the night of Saturday the wind had veered round to the northward and <sup>clearing</sup> off the fog, and the sun rose on the morning <sup>of Sunday</sup> bright and clear with a prospect of fine breezes and favorable weather. All hands were accordingly summoned early to repair on board ship, <sup>where the roll was called</sup> at about half past seven o'clock. The anchor was <sup>too</sup> ~~soon~~ <sup>soon</sup> ~~hoisted~~ <sup>hoisted</sup> out and <sup>got</sup> by eight o'clock the ship was under way. ~~to sail~~ <sup>away</sup> by Capt. ~~Robert~~ <sup>Robert</sup>.

The following is a list of the ship's company.

Comd William Stott-Masten,  
 John W. Stackpole 1st Officer  
 Edwin F. Alger 2d "

Crew

Fairhaven	{	Franklin Bates	{	Samuel Martin	of Fairhaven
		Charles E. Hapley		Robert H. Disbee	
Fairhaven	{	John C. Macomber	{	Sylvanus F. Ayer	New Bedford
		Leffe Shearman		William L. Davis	







- |                    |   |                                |  |   |
|--------------------|---|--------------------------------|--|---|
| New Bedford        | { | George F. Allen                | New Bedford  | Joshua P. Davis   |
|                    |   | William T. Ashley              |  | Alexander Waggoner  |
|                    |   | Hugh Morrison                  |  | Ezra T. App - Falmouth  |
|                    |   | Charles F. Mitchell            |  | Austin J. Roberts - Middleboro                                    |
|                    |   | Edward J. Barnett              |  | Austin Andrews - <sup>Saco, Maine</sup> <del>Falmouth</del>       |
|                    |   | Frederick P. Fisher            |  | William H. Harrington - <sup>Saco, Maine</sup> <del>Steward</del> |
| Colored            | { | Isaiah M. Fisher               | Jacob Perkins - <sup>New Bedford</sup> <del>Cook</del> |   |
|                    |   | Antone John Mappell            |  |   |
| <u>St George's</u> |   |                                |  |   |
| Fairhaven          | { | Mrs. Diana Stott (Capt's Lady) | Samuel Andrews - <sup>Helm's</sup> <del>Helm's</del>   |   |
|                    |   | Samuel Sawyer M.D.             | Isaiah M. Fisher - <del>subscribed</del>               |   |
|                    |   | William L. B. Carey            |  |   |

Those in italics are members of the Mining Co - entitled, The Friendship Mining Co.

A strong northerly breeze <sup>speedily</sup> took us out of the river and a day, and the Pilot made preparations for leaving at about ten. Some twenty or thirty gentlemen, friends and acquaintances, had accompanied us to this point and, <sup>having</sup> breakfasted with us on board, <sup>gave</sup> their final adieus with the Pilot the light boat off the bow & <sup>South South West</sup> bearing ~~steadily~~. Those bound ashore, as soon as the boat was off, gave us three hearty cheers for a successful voyage, which were returned as heartily from the ship, and we were left alone in our glory. <sup>After the sun passed the meridian</sup> ~~The early part of the afternoon~~ the wind, <sup>though still fair</sup> ~~became~~ became lighter so that we did not lose sight of the







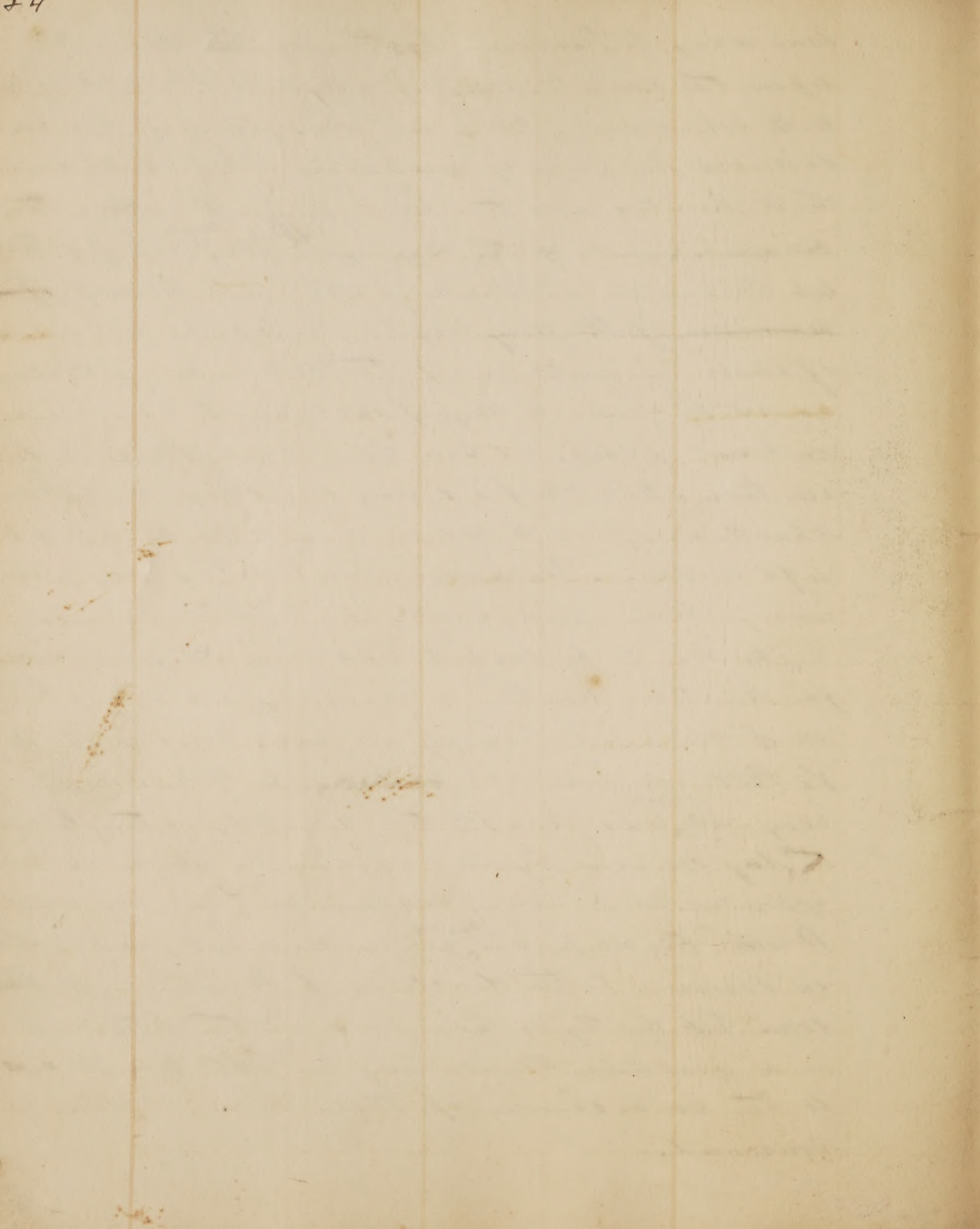
Land till about half past four p.m.

The old Superstition, in regard to lucky and unlucky days for sailing, seems, within a few years past, to have been rapidly passing away. Few Masters, at least, are now to be found who are willing to acknowledge any special dread of the consequences of getting a ship to sea on Friday or that a voyage is likely to be more fortunate if commenced on Sunday. Yet that something of the Superstition still lingers among seamen may <sup>be</sup> seen in the <sup>various</sup> excuses often made for detaining a ship which happens to be ready for sea by Thursday night, until after Friday has passed. But there is evidently a growing respect for the Sabbath, in this matter, at least in and about the port of New Bedford. A few years since it was made a point of ~~policy~~ to get ships to sea on that day of the week, <sup>but</sup> in preference to all others. At present, few ~~now~~ sail on that day. It seems <sup>now</sup> to be ~~a fixed~~ <sup>such an established</sup> settled understanding that this day is not a day for ~~sailing~~ unless what are considered the very strongest reasons can be given for so doing. In the present instance, the Friendship had been detained nearly a week by <sup>contrary</sup> winds and foul weather and Sunday proving so windy, together with the chance of being detained another week or ten days if the opportunity was suffered to pass unimproved, was looked upon as providential and not to be neglected. Though it





4.  
was easy to perceive by the joy ~~the~~ depicted  
upon the countenances of all, and the alacrity  
with which every thing was done, that it was con-  
sidered peculiarly auspicious that Providence  
had pointed out this particular day ~~for the~~  
commencement of the voyage. <sup>Then</sup> The work of getting  
up the anchor and making sail on a Sunday, ~~if the~~  
~~remainder of the day~~ might perhaps be considered  
of small importance if the remainder of the day  
could be made a day of rest as it usually is  
on board of ships at sea when every thing is in  
sea trim. But the first day out brings with <sup>it</sup> an  
abundance of work which cannot with safety be  
left undone. The anchor, are to be <sup>got</sup> up and stowed  
away; loose spars, casks, water butts, harness  
sacks &c. to be lashed and every thing made snug  
for whatever weather a change of wind may bring;  
all of which will occupy all hands most of the day,  
so that one will not ~~probably~~ <sup>probably</sup> be looked upon as  
very odd, who doubts the morality of this observance  
~~the~~ day observed by all Christian nations as one divinely  
appointed for purposes of religious rest and worship.  
Whether this ship was <sup>heavily</sup> got underweigh, as was alleged  
in obedience to the directions of Providence, or whether  
some less worthy motive was at the bottom of it,  
is a question which may be left for decision  
to the consciences of those more immediately  
concerned.





As the day wore away the wind grew lighter and the sun set and night closed in with a clear sky and moderate weather.

**P** The same calm clear weather continuing throughout the next day and the day following, we did not reach the gulf stream until some time in the morning watch of Wednesday. Here the wind, which had been gradually leaving us ~~and~~ <sup>until</sup> within the last few hours, we had been almost ~~wholly~~ <sup>wholly</sup> becalmed, entirely left us, and came round to the south eastward directly ahead of our course. The wind and current of the stream being in opposite directions made a very ~~unpleasant~~ <sup>choppy</sup> sea, giving to the ship that short quick pitching and rolling motion which is so exceedingly unpleasant especially to those who have never before been upon the ~~sea~~ <sup>ocean</sup>. Several had been suffering from sea-sickness since the first day out, but many more, some, who had hoped to escape the malady altogether were obliged to succumb. The wind too was very far from <sup>being</sup> steady, shifting at short intervals many points and blowing in strong puffs and squalls with intervals of almost entire calm, making it necessary to keep a constant watch of the sails and requiring the officer of the deck frequently to call all hands to the ropes.

**P** We had an opportunity while in the gulf





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of witnessing our first specimen of the rare  
 comforts of a sailor's life. We had come to sea  
 rather short handed. That is to say we had  
 leave a complement of able seamen on  
 board. <sup>His</sup> The Mining Company had shipped  
 to assist in working the ship out, but most  
 of them were green and inexperienced sailors.  
~~There were~~ <sup>we had</sup> ~~three~~ <sup>three</sup> ~~more~~ but three or four in each water  
 capable of doing seamen's duty, which made  
 it necessary, whenever anything was to be done  
 suddenly and especially when a great variety  
 of things <sup>as often happened,</sup> were to be done at the same moment,  
 to call on all hands, as well those in the green  
 of experience as those in the red and yellow.  
 Sunday, eighth day out, was an exceedingly  
 squally and stormy day, the rain pouring  
 down at intervals throughout the day in  
 torrents. All hands upon deck had been  
 thoroughly drenched more than once during  
 the day, the sick ones pale and <sup>haggard</sup> ~~looking~~ <sup>were</sup>  
 upon deck catching every opportunity during  
 a lull to relieve themselves of the deadly nausea  
 they were experiencing, by extending themselves  
 for a few moments under the boats or upon  
 the wet spars and rigging, wishing themselves  
 once more at home in comfortable quarters.  
 When at about eight p.m. a sudden squall  
 struck the ship a back pitching one of the







24  
strutted and Heavens! then we had on board  
over the wheel and dashing him to a distance  
upon the deck on the opposite side. There was  
what sailors call a snuff. Every thing to be done  
a nobody left with life enough to do it. The wind  
roaring, waves dashing, rain, howling sails  
slatting and the ship heaving about. The  
captain soon made his appearance on deck. (There is  
no running back when his voice is heard) The whole hand  
were doing what they could, but there were too  
few of them to accomplish what the <sup>exigencies</sup> ~~of the case~~ required should be done at once, so  
the captain shouted after the laggards who, sick  
and soaked as they were, had to make their ap-  
pearance. It was certainly as good a picture of  
human misery as one would wish to experience  
once in a twelve month to see these poor fellows  
running about deck as if their lives depended  
upon their doing <sup>what</sup> they in their weakness could not  
tell what stopping even and reason to throw their  
bodies over the side and getting a cl — of our  
something worse, for their pains as a set off  
lame folks and babies who had better have staid  
at home. Every thing however got together in pretty  
good time with no other accident except that the  
man at the wheel got a broken bone in his right.  
On Saturday, <sup>6 days out</sup> ~~eight days out~~, we fell in  
with <sup>and spoke</sup> a Dutch galliot ~~lugging~~ <sup>about</sup> on the southern  
edge of the Gulf Stream. There were upon her thirty







Come Bo or Das passengers, men, women, and children  
board into <sup>to</sup> Newport. Put letters on board for home.

Being light and head winds we were more  
than a week making the Gulf, a passage which  
is often accomplished in from 6 to 24 hours.  
We now, however, soon got clear of this stormy  
bad place, and came into smoother water and  
pleasanter weather, though the wind ~~was~~ still  
<sup>continued</sup> ahead and light. Ship's sound to the south of the  
line from the United States find it necessary to  
get well to the eastward before making due to  
sailing, in consequence of the difficulty of  
beating the eastern points of South America  
against the prevailing <sup>South</sup> East Trade winds.  
They generally run out to longitude 35° or 40° before  
altering their course materially to the southward.  
Our progress had been slow so that we did not  
get sufficiently far to the eastward before the 27<sup>th</sup> of the  
month at which time we were in Long. 35° and Lat.  
26° 08'. Here our course was altered to the south,  
one or two points east.

After getting clear of the Gulf and into  
smoother water the sick soon began to recover and  
to get their sea legs on. The new crew, to which  
all, who were never before at sea, were exposed <sup>afforded</sup>  
of course, constant subjects of amusement and <sup>wonder</sup>.  
P. The sailors had heard before of the "white" but  
from our direct such expressions as the "blue waves" of  
the ocean "the dark blue sea" &c. may have passed  
through the ears and off the tongue at home, then





are few probably who have any adequate <sup>notion</sup> ~~idea~~ of this Glue and its beauty ~~before~~ until they have actually seen <sup>it</sup> where alone it can be seen - upon the wide ocean itself. The approximate idea, however, may be arrived at by imagining a deep tub of the clearest water with a sufficient quantity of lime or slaked lime in it to give it ~~the color of~~ the lightest color of the sky above in the clearest weather. Add to this a conception of immense depth with an almost perfect transparency so that the bottom of the deep may be seen in calm weather a long distance below the surface, and you have as good an idea of this appearance perhaps as can be had short of actually seeing it. One can hardly get even of this idea that the whole ocean is <sup>some beautiful colorless</sup> ~~structured~~ with ~~it~~. Indeed the deception is so complete that one of our green ones (though he by the way <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ more than ordinarily green) could not be convinced that this color was <sup>not</sup> owing to some <sup>algae</sup> ~~algae~~ or other ~~cause~~ <sup>cause</sup> until he drew a bucket full of the water upon deck. When, of course, <sup>the same thing but a clear colorless liquid before him.</sup> ~~the color disappeared~~. The characteristic charm of the sea is best seen in clear calm weather when it is truly beautiful, and a sight of it alone is worth a short voyage at sea.

Another great attraction for a week or two was the glory of an ocean sunset. Every evening for a time in pleasant <sup>weather</sup> a ~~display~~ <sup>display</sup> of





If we were gathered upon the quarter-deck to en-  
joy its grandeur. At such times the fancy  
ran wild. At the blue sheet down behind the differ-  
ent strata of clouds, tingering their peaks and edges  
with dazling lines of light, the imagination would  
give them life and form. While one could see  
a fiery dragon crouched upon a mountain peak  
or some huge Antediluvian beast with ex-  
tended jaws belching forth flames, or perhaps  
some gigantic Daemon striding from peak to peak  
Another would view <sup>the tout ensemble</sup> the whole as one living specimen  
of Mountain scenery, ever changing its form and  
character. But the most pleasing part of the pan-  
orama perhaps, was the closing part, after the Sun  
had fairly sunk below the horizon and twilight  
was approaching. The bright luminous peaks and  
edgings gradually faded away into softer  
glowings and the whole scene exhibited a distant  
view of a beautiful landscape. <sup>the gathering mist</sup>  
in the edge of the horizon seemed <sup>the scenery</sup> <sup>the evening</sup> <sup>the passing</sup> <sup>the evening</sup>  
of the evening, for a hedge beyond which lay the  
dazzling scenery of some elegant country seat,  
with its hills, dale, woods, & lawns, <sup>and</sup> its back-  
ground of snowy mountain heights far away in  
the distance, all becoming more and more like  
specters of reality until past after-past was lost in  
the deepening shades of the night. At such times  
our thoughts would naturally turn homeward  
to the scenes left behind us, awakening up the memory  
of joys that <sup>were</sup> <sup>past</sup> <sup>which</sup> <sup>like</sup> <sup>banish</sup> <sup>memory</sup> and





11

Sweet but mournful to the soul.

During the day ~~time~~, <sup>for a considerable</sup> time, that Connecting Link between the bottom of the sea and of the air, the Flying Fish, was an object of great Curiosity. These creatures frequently rose from the sea, in shoals, or in flocks, as you may please, <sup>to turn it</sup> of hundreds together, rising sometimes fifteen, twenty, or more feet from the surface and after a flight of a few rods, settling again into the water. It is said they are arrested in their flight by their wings, becoming dry and unmanageable, which forces them to descend again into the water. This seems probable from the fact that the length of the flight seems often to be extended by skimming along the surface or from wave to wave so as to dry the wings without actually submerging their <sup>bodies</sup>. ~~They~~ <sup>while on the wing</sup> ~~remain in the water.~~ Their resemblance <sup>to flocks</sup> of birds is so close that any one unacquainted with their habits and appearance would in all probability be wholly deceived. They are a good hand first and often fall on the decks of vessels by striking against the sails in their flight.

Porpoises, Sharks, Chippies, Alibons & Cane in, for a share of our attention and Curiosity. The former of these animals is often seen <sup>considerable</sup> <sup>many</sup> playing about the ship. They appear to move





in couples going completely around the ship, but the dwarf, under the bows, seems to be the place in which they most delight, and in this place they are frequently caught with a harpoon from the mastingale. The excitement of this fishing is extreme and usually calls all hand, officers, crew, and passengers (to the fore-castle) ~~to~~ except the man at the wheel, and so some of the water below as happen to be a lee. The final butchery of the animal upon deck is as bloody as the slaughtering of a hog and is, of course, the most disagreeable part of the business. His fat makes a good oil, and his flesh a good meal - so say old seamen - but from the specimens we have had, although it might serve a good purpose to keep men from starvation in case of necessity, it is not an article of diet, I think, which an epicure would be likely to select after having once tasted it. It is ~~possible~~ <sup>perhaps</sup> that a palatable dish might be made from it, but, of so, it was miserably <sup>on board our ship</sup> spoiled by the clash or something else in the cooking.

The shark seldom gets near enough to the ship to admit of his being harpooned, but is, I am told, sometimes <sup>taken</sup> with hook and line and a pound or two of pork attached. But he moves along at a little distance from the ship and in company with ~~her~~ <sup>huge</sup> her for a time, solitary, and majestic





like a Savage Cannibal as he is, waiting for a chance to fill his maw with whatever may turn up, whether living or dead. Skippers and albacores are a moderate sized Clumny looking fish. They are frequently caught from the ship's deck with hook and line and make at sea a very palatable dish, but would be thought <sup>as a luxury</sup> ~~nothing of~~ on shore.

That little restless bird, the storm petrel too, has received of course a portion of our notice. <sup>These birds are almost</sup> ~~He~~ <sup>are</sup> constantly upon the wing and ~~is~~ seldom seen to alight. Indeed some of our old seamen deemed that ~~he~~ <sup>they were</sup> ~~was~~ ever seen except upon the wing. But this of course is an error. They are usually seen in companies of a dozen or more <sup>picking up the garbage, stale ship, and what is thrown over by the cooks</sup> in the wake of the ship and so constant is their attendance in whatever part of the ocean we may be that one is apt to be impressed with the belief that the same identical birds first seen on leaving Round-bay have followed in the track of the ship throughout her voyage.

The occasional appearance of a vessel within our horizon too was an object of deep interest. The sight of a ship at sea wonderfully reminds that sense of loneliness ~~which is felt~~ upon the waste of waters which naturally affords one upon the commencement of his first voyage. The presence <sup>from time to time</sup> of other human beings





in his immediate vicinity, <sup>down</sup> gives one such a sense  
of man's ubiquity that all feeling of solitary  
seclusion from his kind & speedily wears away  
and ~~fast~~ he feels that the doors of his prison  
are expanding again. Besides the sight of  
a ship at <sup>sea</sup> a little distance off, careening  
and dancing over the seas in perfect obedience  
to her helm and its guide, to say nothing of  
the beauty I might almost say the subtlety  
of her motions, brings with it a feeling of security  
which can scarcely be attained to on board of  
one's own ship. The careening, pitching and rolling,  
together with the insecurity of your own pos-  
t-hole and the frequent necessity of sudden  
movements to put the ship in condition to  
meet with safety approaching equally, give  
one an idea of constant danger until he  
has seen the accident of a ship under similar circumstances,  
he had fallen in with several, an English  
merchantman, a large French merchantman  
both bound to the Eastward probably from some  
Southern Port of the United States and also a  
large ship bound into New York or Boston  
or some other of our Northern Ports. We ex-  
changed salutations with the two former  
but the latter was too far off to admit of sig-  
nals being seen.

Then things with many others that might





be mentioned, as the daily occupations of  
 the seamen on board ship - picking oaken, brandy  
 casks, opening rope yarns, sewing the rigging  
 &c. and even those more unpleasant oc-  
 currences, of disputes, land wounds, threatenings  
 &c. that will sometimes occur between officers  
 and men, all afforded a degree of  
 entertainment which ~~seemed~~ <sup>very much</sup> together with  
 books, pen, ink and paper served to <sup>very much</sup> diminish  
 the tedium of a slow passage. Indeed so rapidly  
 did the first three or four weeks pass away, that  
 at the end of that time, we (that is, those of us who  
 were for the first <sup>time</sup> upon the wide ocean) could  
 scarcely realize that ~~we~~ we were more than  
 a week from home.





On the 24<sup>th</sup> of Sept, as before stated,  
 the ship was ordered South. Soon after <sup>this</sup> ~~that~~  
 we took the <sup>wind</sup> ~~trade~~ and ran rapidly on our  
 course, passing two or three degrees to the Westward  
 of the Cape de Verde. <sup>SP</sup> All were full of life and  
 spirits at the rapid progress we were at last  
 making. On the 10<sup>th</sup> Oct. we found ourselves in  
 Lat 6. North, and Lon. 28. West, hoping in a few days  
 to be up with the line, and congratulating ourselves  
 upon the prospect of making up in latter part of  
 our voyage for the slowness of the first, when, on  
 the day following, we felt the last of the Trade and  
 fell into what whalers call the hottidodding, a  
 condition of things, <sup>between the variable and trades</sup> in which the ship heads, where  
 she pleases and often turns to every point of the  
 compass in course of a few hours, there not being wind  
 enough to ~~make~~ <sup>keep her</sup> obedient to the helm. We had, however,  
 occasional squalls accompanied with drenching showers  
 of rain during which some progress was made,  
~~but~~ <sup>between</sup> alternate dead calms and <sup>excessive</sup> ~~short~~  
<sup>though heavy</sup> ~~squalls~~ <sup>we</sup> of wind, were ten or twelve days, making  
 four or five degrees of Latitude. On the 21<sup>st</sup> of the month  
 we began to feel the force of the Santa East Trades, being <sup>then</sup>





17.

42.

in Lat ~~28~~ miles North, and, in course of the night following, crossed the Equator in Longitude  $28^{\circ} 10'$  — Fifty days from home.

Little of accident or of incident occurred on board, or about us, of sufficient interest to be worth the recording, which will be regretted, ~~perhaps~~, by ~~such~~ readers, of this memoir, as are fond of thrilling adventures, than by ourselves, who <sup>should be</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>however</sup> subjects of them. There were several occurrences, which came so near being tragical accidents, that they may be recorded at least as hair-breadth escapes; of <sup>which</sup> the following is a specimen.

During one of the squalls two of our heaviest men were sent up upon the Main topsail yard to do some necessary work. Just two minutes after they had finished their <sup>work</sup>, and <sup>had</sup> descended to the deck, the tie parted and down came the yard. Had the tie parted two minutes sooner, or had they been delayed two minutes longer in their work, they would in all probability have been precipitated upon deck, or overboard, and serious injury or immediate death would have been the <sup>consequence</sup> inevitable — an escape would have been a miracle, as it terminated <sup>of course</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> affair, afforded <sup>it</sup> a grand opportunity to the officers and men to vent their curses upon the blacksmiths at home. It is <sup>said</sup> that the chains, of which the Top sails ties are made, lay several months in a blacksmith shop for the sole purpose of being examined and repaired, if necessary, and yet <sup>they</sup> were sent to sea in this mantrap



all of which the Capt clinched by saying that the  
only way in which they could stand us <sup>would</sup> be in boats,  
and he thought it would be somewhat difficult for  
even a hundred men to do that against our small arms  
and whaling irons, to say nothing of the big six pounder  
loaded with old nails and spikes.

Condition. If anything could ~~possibly~~ justify a man for using a few oaths and curses, it would seem that such carelessness and neglect in exposing men's lives carelessly was that very thing.

Among the events which might be considered as having approached very nearly to what may ~~may~~ be denominated an interesting incident, is the following.

Early in the morning on the 5<sup>th</sup> October, being just to the southward of the Cape de Mendez, a vessel was seen just coming up out of the horizon far away to leeward of us. She was, at first, supposed to be a bark bound on the same course with ourselves; but in course of an hour or two she was seen to have shortened her distance from us, considerably. Upon a closer examination she was found to be a schooner ~~and~~ with all sail set, and close hauled to the wind, evidently intending to overhail us if possible, which it was soon pretty plain she could do, if she ~~would~~ pleased. She was a "long, low, rakish looking craft" with a red streak around the waist, and altogether had an ugly appearance. The old salt soon began to talk to the boys on board about pirates and their bloody deeds and told them that this craft meant to be along side of us, <sup>within</sup> ~~within~~ or mile, and would be before night. At about 2 p.m. she <sup>a Yankee</sup> ~~sent~~ her signal which was answered from the ship. She continued to gain upon us all the afternoon, and at about











he did not behave himself for the future, & the  
 however was apparently to little or no purpose.  
<sup>this quarrel with</sup>  
~~quarrel~~ at the men below became a quarrel with  
 the officers on deck - "they could put him in irons  
 as soon as they pleased - He had been to sea before  
 - knew his duty and meant to do it like a man,  
 but <sup>he'd</sup> he'd - & if he submitted to humbuggery, from  
 any body - He had bull-dogs, as well as the Capt.  
 and, by G - d he thought he could use them as  
 well as <sup>was</sup> ~~he~~!" How the affair <sup>was</sup> finally ~~terminated~~ <sup>settled</sup>  
 I am unable to say, but every thing <sup>soon</sup> became quiet  
 and went on smoothly again. Doubtless, the man  
 had to succumb, for in such cases nothing but  
 submission will do on board a ship which is  
 commanded by energetic officers.















Old Dartmouth



Historical Society



